

Letter from Alexander Graham Bell to Mabel Hubbard Bell, November 2, 1900, with transcript

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL TO MABEL (Hubbard) BELL R. M. S. "Ivernia." Friday, November 2, 1900. My dear little wifie:

We are just passing through the tall and of a cyclone — the centre has passed to the north of us — and now we are enjoying as fine and breezy a day as one could desire — so different from the rainy weather of yesterday and the day before. I have tramped miles upon deck today — and have thoroughly enjoyed the bracing air.

I only wish I had you with me to tramp too. There are few passengers — still fewer who care for a brisk walk — and I have the deck practically to myself — with an obstruction one way in the shape of wind that it is really hard to breast. The vessel is very steady — hardly any rolling — but considerable pitching — which however, we hardly feel in the middle of the ship. It is a beautiful sight to stand under the bridge and see her take a header into the foaming sea — followed by Niagara upside down — over the bows. I don't understand why so few people care for a glorious day at sea like this — not more than about half-a-dozen people at table — most of the passengers groaning in their berths — while I am really enjoying it all and eating with a good appetite.

I wonder whether you got my telegram from Queenstown. I was asleep when we were there and woke up just as we were moving out. I wrote a couple of telegrams — one to you and the other to Lord Asleigh — had them properly stamped — and then sent the state-room Stewart to give them to the pilot to take ashore. He reported that the Pilot had just left the ship, so I put the telegrams in a bottle and threw them overboard. Did you get yours?

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Some of the passengers have spoken of the C. I.V. parade as though a great disaster had occurred — “eleven hundred people injured” in the crush upon the streets. I do hope that our party came home safely. No news is generally good news — and surely we would have had a telegram if anything had happened. I don't like uncertainties however, and wish I knew that all were well.

I have finished the foot-notes to Chapter VI and am now at work upon the Appendix. Hope to meet Mrs. Pratt in Boston and incorporate her notes so that the whole thing may be in the printer's hands in plenty of time. After all my sermons to Booth and Bert I would be mortified indeed to have an issue late on my account.

Did you catch your train? Have you received my letter with enclosures for Bert? Where are you all now I wonder — and has your mother had any return of fever. Don't forget the doctor's bill. Did you tell Antoinette about my laboratory idea? The pitching of the ship renders my handwriting unsteady — and joggles my pen too much for comfortable writing — so goodbye.

Tell Daidums that my tramp-thoughts have been devoted to her toy (1) — she has probably forgotten all 3 about it — but I have not. “Millions in it” and all that sort of thing — and some of it — at least — for her.

Your loving husband, Alec. Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell, % Munroe and Company, 7 Rue Scribe, Paris.